Reviving ſweets the opening flow'rs diſ-
cloſe,
Fragrant the violet and the budding roſe.
But all their balmy ſweets from *Thee* they
ſteal,
And ſomething of *Thee* to my ſenſe reveal.
Oh come and fill my ſoul with love
divine,
Thou, who doſt thro' created nature
ſhine,
Oh come, dear LORD, and make me
wholly thine.

Mrs. Rowe.

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